

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 13.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 65

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

D. Skinner, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, S. C. Bulkeley, Ed's.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE 140 FULTON STREET, SECOND FLOOR.

Original.

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENT. A SERMON.

BY REV. ASHER MOORE.

"And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—John viii: 11.

THE connection in which these words are found, gives an explanation of the occasion upon which they were uttered. While our Savior stood and taught among the people, in the Temple at Jerusalem, his bitter foes, the Scribes and Pharisees, sought to find in his words or deeds some new grounds of accusation. And they exulted in the case they were about to present before him, supposing that whatever decision he might give, he could not avoid the snare that was laid to entrap him. They brought into his presence a woman of unenviable reputation, whom they had detected in a crime, and whose guilt they were prepared to prove by witnesses to the fact. And they said unto him, "Now Moses, in the law, commanded us that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him."

The accusers of the transgressor thought within themselves, that if Jesus gave a decision at variance with what Moses had prescribed in such cases, they could easily convict him of being an enemy of Moses and a perverter of the law. And if he decided in accordance with that law, and adjudged the offender to death by stoning, then they stood prepared to convict him of daringly assuming *civil power*, and of acting without the sanction of the constituted authorities of the country. Such was the snare that was craftily laid to secure a plausible accusation against the Son of man. But it may well be said, as it was in the days of Job, "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Scribes and Pharisees not only diligently sought to find some accusation against our Savior, but also gloried in the opportunity of holding up to public view a case of flagrant iniquity, which they were pious and industrious enough to detect and expose. True, they had no particular regard for the purity of morals, but a fitting occasion seemed to offer to display their pretended sanctity, and, at the same time, to gratify their inveterate malice. Men sometimes become wonderfully concerned to expose and condemn a sinner, when their real object is to injure a

person whom they view with an evil eye, and hate with an evil heart!

The accusers of whom we speak, probably wished to contrast their own righteous character with that of the graceless sinner before them, and to show their just abhorrence of crime by promptly bringing her to justice and securing a speedy condemnation. And they, no doubt, expected to receive some applause for the noble efforts which they put forth to protect the injured cause of virtue, and to put down and crush the ungodly and the sinner. But they happened to stand before one who regarded not the persons of men, nor judged after the appearance—one who saw their motives, and read their character as an open epistle—who knew the deep corruption and depravity of their hearts, notwithstanding all the guise of deceitfulness which they wore—and who was disposed to judge only according to righteousness and truth. Their glorying was not good—their rejoicing was of short continuance—and they were soon overwhelmed with utter confusion and shame.

Instead of joining in the accusation against the poor woman, and directing the mode of her punishment, or even pronouncing her guilty, Jesus chose rather to remind the accusers of their own vileness of character, and to make them know and feel that with all their boasted piety before men and pretended zeal for God, and their great apparent efforts for the suppression of vice, in the view of the great Searcher of all hearts, they were themselves no less guilty than the very sinner whom they so fiercely condemned! They continued to press the question, and seemed impatient for an answer; for they wanted a quick decision, while they judged it possible to gain their end. But Jesus at length arose in the meek dignity of his character, and instead of denouncing the trembling culprit who looked imploringly upon him, he turned to the accusers themselves and said, with terrible effect, "*He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.*" That was a decision for which they were not prepared, and it cut them to the heart!

This timely rebuke, uttered, no doubt, in the spirit of mildness, but still coming with tremendous power, at once brought the accusers to a deep sense of feeling. They were *convicted* and *condemned* by their own consciences, and instead of attempting to cast even another allegation, they endeavored as quickly as possible to retire from the presence of Him who knew their hearts, and who detected their vileness. They were no less guilty of crimes than she whom they so freely and exultingly exposed. They had even devoured widow's houses under the sacred garb of religion, and for a mere pretence to cover the enormity of their deeds, they made long prayers to be seen of men. And in their mad missionary zeal they compassed sea and land to bring one proselyte under their unhallowed dominion!

But notwithstanding all their own iniquities and horrid abominations, they felt far more concern to detect the wrongs of others than they did to reform their own lives. And the great fault to which they were addicted has not been altogether confined to their day. It too frequently happens, even now, that men forget their own faults, while

they look most intently upon the wrongs of others, and the time which they spend in eagerly seeking out the vices of their fellows, would be much more profitably employed in the great work of self-improvement. They are not commonly the best men who are the most fierce to crush the wrong-doer. And an accusation of wrong, even if well founded, always comes with a bad grace from a bad man!

We are all quite prone enough to entertain exalted notions of our own virtues and excellencies of character. Most men, indeed, fall into the habit of viewing the bright side of their own character, while they are sure to see the character of others, and especially of such as they dislike, on the dark side. And it not unfrequently happens that they condemn with the utmost severity, in others, that with which they themselves are justly chargeable. Self-righteousness furnishes a mantle quite broad enough to cover our own defects, but it gives no concealment to the faults of others; or, to change the figure, it is a powerful magnifying glass when applied to the sins of others, but it diminishes our own until they vanish quite out of sight. While it sees everything in a favorable light at home, abroad it beholds great deformity and corruption!

Whatever may be the motives and the character of our own deeds, we commonly try to persuade ourselves into the belief that our conduct is measurably justified and warranted by certain circumstances that ought to be considered. But we are seldom disposed to place as charitable a construction upon the doings of others. How often do we say that if we had only occupied the place of such an individual at a certain time, we should have managed his affairs much more advantageously, and should have avoided all the difficulties in which he involved himself by the most unpardonable indiscretion. We perhaps sharply rebuke him for his blindness and stupidity; and by way of giving him very doubtful comfort, we proceed to inform him how we should have managed the matter, and directed it to a prosperous issue. But after all, the strong probability is that had we been placed in similar circumstances, we should have been equally unsuccessful in our efforts. It is a very easy matter to discover faults in the conduct of others; harder by far, is the task to detect and correct the irregularities of our own. And a moment's candid reflection, and a proper consideration of our own imperfections and liabilities to be led astray, would dispose us to exercise that charity which "suffereth long and is kind" toward the erring and the sinful. What sin has come upon others that may not overtake us? And if we even "keep ourselves unspotted from the world," we should rather pity than unfeelingly condemn the unhappy votaries of vice. We are at least exposed to the evil practices which we see in others; and instead of indulging in severe and uncharitable censures, we should rather remember the admonition of the apostle, and "take heed lest we fall."

There is, however one kind of iniquity that we may unsparingly rebuke. It is that of a bad man, influenced by evil motives, and urged onward by envy, jealousy, or deep malice, seeking to find evil in others. Such a creature we are permitted to strike with severity; for a common blow would only be regarded as giving encouragement to his vile course. We are to pity the weak man who is overtaken in a fault—but the wretch who harbors in his heart cold and deliberate malice, and pursues the object of his vengeance with the fury of a fiend and the scent of a bloodhound, ought to be shunned by decent men, while he is pitied. Such a man is always worse in principle and less entitled to confidence and respect than the person whom he fiercely pursues, and seeks to injure and destroy. If it be true that the soul of "the man of great benevolence is most in harmony with heaven," it is equally true that he whose soul is filled with unforgiving

hatred, is the farthest removed from the heavenly spirit, and from common justice and humanity. Fits of rage, if they be even unprovoked and violent, are as nothing compared to *malice* nurtured in an evil heart, and seeking perpetually to destroy the peace and blast the happiness of the man against whom its poisoned darts are directed. And of deliberately malicious men, we may almost say in the language of Blair,

"These herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."

Even when we do that which we know to be wrong, there is a strong propensity in our nature to plead some extenuation of our conduct. We can think of many palliating circumstances connected with our doings, that ought to be taken into the account in considering our aberrations from integrity and virtue. We are ready to plead that we had great provocation for thus acting,—or that we did not anticipate the bearing and the results of our conduct,—or else, perhaps, that our motives were justifiable, but that owing to some unavoidable misfortune, that which we intended for good has terminated in evil. Some such excuses will arise in the mind, and we feel unwilling to the last to be *convicted* in any matter of delinquency by our own *consciences*!

And not only do men in general seek to conceal their own faults, but the captious spirit manifested by the accusers of the woman, mentioned in our text, is no uncommon thing in the world. There are persons in every community who seem to derive peculiar pleasure and satisfaction from detecting and exposing the faults of their sinful fellows. They will spare neither time nor labor in publishing the news that some man, perhaps a professor of religion, and if a minister of religion it is all the better, has been led astray from the path of virtue and right. Nor is it always the case that the herald of evil reports is content to give the simple facts, which may sometimes be bad enough. He soon becomes expert in the work of exaggeration—and he does not long scruple to make the alleged faults of his neighbor appear still more enormous and less excusable. When a fellow-being is found guilty of an offence against God or man, persons of this description of character can think of nothing to extenuate his guilt. They at once condemn him to perpetual infamy and disgrace, as a wretch utterly corrupt and unfit for human society.

But perhaps in most cases of the kind, the accuser, who takes such especial pains and seeming delight in publicly proclaiming the faults of others, is himself habitually addicted to the very same things. The fierce accusers of the woman of whom we have spoken, were equally guilty with herself—and there was not a man among them who durst claim exemption from sin to cast the first stone at her! Pursuing another with bitterness of spirit gives very poor evidence of goodness in the pursuer! The truly good man, though never disposed to countenance vice in any form, is always influenced in his feelings and conduct by the great law of Christian kindness. He seldom exhibits a hasty spirit, and never rashly and fiercely condemns before he really knows anything of the matter that excites his indignation. And even when he knows a man to be guilty of wrong, he does not maliciously hunt him down to injure him, as he would pursue a beast of prey to destroy it. Such is the course of the bad man, but never of him who is honorable and just. And he who views things aright is never foolish enough to hope to obtain for himself a desirable reputation by magnifying and proclaiming from the house-top all the real and alleged faults of his neighbor.

True, we sometimes detect wrongs in others, which duty and the good of society require should be made public, that they may be brought to justice, and thus be guarded against in future. But though it should be found

expedient and proper to bring into public view the vices of our fellows, we are never permitted to exult in the opportunity of exposing wickedness in anybody, or to build up our own reputation upon the downfall of others. And it is surely no mark of superior righteousness in any man to be over-anxious to judge and condemn his brother. This is the course of the bad man—but of the good man, never!

St. Paul said to the Romans, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same things. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth, against them which commit such things. And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" These questions, or others like them, should be applied by every man to himself. If they were faithfully pondered in the mind, and allowed to exert their proper influence in the heart, there would be far less uncharitable judgment among men. And were we all to look well to ourselves, and become thoroughly acquainted with our own character and deeds, we should lose much of the disposition to judge and condemn one another, while we should be brought to experience a good degree of that humble and contrite spirit which the poor publican felt, when he smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In that beautiful and instructive lesson which our Lord delivered from the Mount, it was said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" An old adage runs, "Physician, heal thyself." Let a man first remove his own maladies before he attempts to heal those who are similarly affected. In other words, let him be careful to reform his own evil habits of life, before he presumes to upbraid others for the same things. Casting the ponderous beam out of our own eye, will greatly assist us to see clearly to remove the mote from our brother's eye. But if the beam should even be in our brother's eye, we should not forget our own frailties, but rather heed the following exhortation of the apostle: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Who can estimate the peace and happiness that would result to man and flow out through every department of society, from the universal observance of this lesson of Christian forbearance and charity? Jesus has taught us to judge with great caution; and instead of instantly pronouncing condemnation upon the wayward, we should endeavor to restore them in the spirit of meekness—considering ourselves, lest we also be tempted, commit the like offences, and stand in need of the same kind treatment at the hands of others.

Look again at the conduct of our Savior towards the sinful woman, who stood convicted before him, of a grievous offence against God and man. Did he meet her with a stern and frowning countenance, and unfeelingly assure her that the fierce vengeance of the Almighty was already impending over her guilty head, and that if she did not speedily repent of her wickedness and obtain religion, she should be consigned to the dismal abodes of unending woes? He addressed her not in words of terror and tones of thunder—he opened no merciless torments to her view as the awful doom to which she was exposed; but he spake to her guilty and troubled soul in words of tenderness, peace, and kindly encouragement: "*Woman, where are those, thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?*" She said, *No man, Lord. And Jesus*

said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."

Ah! what a noise and clamor there must have been among the pious Scribes and Pharisees, after they had departed from the Temple, about the loose principles of Jesus, and the demoralizing tendency of his doctrine and conduct! If their feelings had been consulted, no doubt the poor conscience-smitten sinner would have been adjudged without ceremony to the suffering of a cruel and ignominious death! But the compassionate Son of God "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them;" and the end of all his labors on earth was the deliverance of humanity from the power and the evils of sin.

But why, it may be asked, did not Jesus denounce some awful curse upon the trembling culprit whom the Scribes and Pharisees had arraigned before him? There was surely abundant proof of her guilt, and the offence of which she stood accused was such as could not be considered venial or trifling in its nature. And how would many persons who now profess to be the devoted followers of Christ, conduct themselves in a similar case? Would they say in kindness to the accused, "*Go and sin no more?*" Or, would they not rather pronounce the sentence of condemnation at once, and doom the criminal to perpetual disgrace, if not to the unpitied fury of Heaven?

But will any man presume to question the propriety of our Savior's conduct, and aver that if he had threatened the sinner with the terrible doom of the ungodly, she would have been more likely to walk circumspectly in the future? That would indeed be a "railing accusation" to bring against the Son of God, by one professing to have learned wisdom at the foot of the cross!

We cannot reasonably doubt that the treatment of our Savior towards that sinful woman was productive of the most salutary and happy results. There is a subduing power in kindness that never accompanies terror. Mildness and charitable treatment are the most effectual means to win the sinful from the ways of evil. The consoling and encouraging address, "*Go and sin no more,*" must have sunken deeply into the heart of the sinner. These gentle words would neither exasperate nor frighten, but they would subdue the violence of passion, and overcome the inclination to do wrong. They would live in her memory, arise in her mind at the approach of evil, and admonish her to beware of the wiles of the tempter, and the paths of the disobedient.

It becomes us, my brethren, as the professed followers of Christ, to cultivate his gentle spirit, and to imitate his unspotted examples. And the great lesson now before us is, that we should exercise compassion towards the ignorant and those who are out of the way, and that while we feel sensible of our own frailties, we should carefully refrain from judging one another, and "let all things be done in charity."

We shall conclude this discourse with the language of another, after offering a word of explanation. You have all heard clergymen of various denominations declare that they had faithfully warned the people of approaching danger, that their skirts shall be free from the blood of immortal souls, and that if their slumbering hearers do not give timely heed to the warning, repent of their sins, and embrace the Savior, they will stand up against them in the great day of final reckoning, to bear witness to their obstinacy, and to behold their awful and eternal banishment from the presence and favor of God.

But to use the language referred to: "When I hear ministers of various persuasions threatening their hearers that they will come before the judgment-seat of the Son of Man, and testify against them to procure their condemnation and banishment to a fate infinitely worse than that which awaited the trembling culprit named in our text, the question forces itself upon my mind, *What*

if the Judge should say to the reverend cloud of witnesses in the general judgment, 'He that is without sin among you, let him *first* take the stand, and testify.' What would be the result? And before the answer can be given, the eye of the imagination descries them convicted and confounded, hurrying backwards in a confused group, without uttering a syllable of their condemnatory allegation. And instantly, a loud voice of majesty and music issues from the judgment-seat, "Ransomed children, where are those, your accusers? hath no clergyman condemned you?" Millions of lips reply, "No man, Lord." The judge continues, "Neither do I condemn you; go, and *sin no more*. For I was not sent into the world for its condemnation and destruction, but that the world through ME might be saved. Behold, I who speak in righteousness am mighty to save."

Original.

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

DIED, in Lee-Centre, Oneida Co., N. Y., December 25th, 1848, Miss Barbara Birnie, daughter of Mr. William Birnie.

Some ten years since, Sister B. removed with her father's family, from Dumfriesshire in Scotland, to this country. They soon settled on the farm their father purchased, where they have resided to the present time.

Sister B. was a remarkably religiously disposed girl, and when quite young became a member of the Methodist Church. The Bible was her daily study; and conversation on religious topics, prayer and praise, were her delight. Her character was above reproach. All who were acquainted with her loved her. In the course of time, by careful study of the Scriptures, and serious reflection and examination, she became convinced of the gospel truth of the universality of God's grace and love for all his children. As she could not longer consent to retain her connection with a Partialist Communion, she withdrew herself, about a year previous to her death, from the Church of which she had been, for some eight or nine years, an esteemed member.

Her health, until this sickness, was always good. On the first attack of the disease, she seemed to have a premonition that her departure was at hand, and before it was apparent to the family that there was any danger, she calmly and deliberately selected the text (Luke xx. 36), which she wished to have preached from, at her funeral; desired that Br. D. Skinner should administer the consolations of the Gospel, and if he could not attend, then some other Universalist preacher; but if no Universalist preacher could be obtained, she requested they would bury her without any public services. Perhaps the circumstances connected with the burial of a beloved brother, some two years before (a young man who had made no public profession of religion,) at which a certain Presbyterian clergyman officiated, had some influence on her mind.

Her disease affected the brain, so that she was, at times, delirious; but there were intervals when reason resumed its office, and then her constant theme was the sublime truths of life and immortality, the universal blessedness of the race in the resurrection. Once, when her physician (a partialist,) was praying, she checked him on his introducing his limited views, telling him that she was on her dying bed, that her faith was not to be shaken, &c. She dwelt long in conversation with her father (a Presbyterian) upon the joy and peace she received in the hopes of Universalism, and the gloom that the doctrine of endless misery imparts to its believer. Once, after a period of delirium, she called the family about her, to say that it seemed to her

that she had died, and was in a state of happiness, save one thing that troubled her, and that was, that some of her former associates in time were reporting that she had renounced Universalism on her death bed; and she was permitted to come back again to earth to bear testimony that Universalism was more glorious to die by, than to live by; that she hoped no one would utter falsehood about her, that she was more and more firm as a Universalist.

She was not only prepared, but anxious, so soon as it was the good Father's will, to bid farewell to these mortal scenes, and triumph over death and the grave.

Br. Skinner could not attend her funeral, but her request was so far heeded, that another minister of universal love was able to do it, by addressing a large congregation of sympathizing friends on the 28th ult. E. F.

Utica, N. Y.

Original.

NORWICH, CONN.

DECEMBER 22D, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have designed writing you for some weeks, informing you of our condition and prospects. I will not trouble you with a long epistle. Our church, as you are aware, is completed to the satisfaction of every one. It is called the neatest in the city, certainly the best situated; but we have sense enough to know that the reputation of having the best church is not so much to be prized as the reputation of having the *purest and mightiest gospel*. The church contains a gallery for the use of the choir, and ninety-six pews, all of which, I believe, are either sold or engaged, except a few reserved for visitors. It measures eighty-five feet in length; its breadth I do not now remember. Below we have a commodious, pleasant vestry, used by the Sabbath School, and rented for public lectures, concerts, &c. The attendance on public services averages, in the morning, from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five; in the afternoon from three hundred to three hundred and fifty; in the evening, about two hundred. The increase in attendance since the improvement of the house is very considerable.

Our society is neither very numerous nor wealthy, but united without a solitary exception, zealous, active, faithful, liberal. Our ladies especially are of the right description; they have ever been foremost in defending our sentiments, and in aiding in the support of the ministry. How beautiful is the love and devotion of woman in so sacred a cause as ours! Had it not been for her, we had not now occupied our present eminent position in the moral and religious world. Her presence, sympathies, and devotion are ever an augury of good. Verily, He over whose tomb she hung in beauty and in tears, will reward her.

I should not omit to commend our choir, which has very materially improved during the last few weeks, under the genius of its worthy leader, Mr. Knowlton; and which, indeed, "discourses most eloquent music."

Finally, I will say that there is a good degree of interest and courage felt throughout the society, so far as I can learn. The great Father be with us with his spirit and his power, and with his moral kingdom everywhere.

Yours, in hope, trust, brotherhood,

E. W. R.

Those things are to be cherished which tend to elevate us above our ordinary sphere, and to abstract us from our common and every day concerns. The affectionate recollection and admiration of the dead will act gently upon our spirits, and fill us with a composed seriousness favorable to the best and most honorable contemplations.

Be NOT diverted from your duty, by any idle reflections

the silly world may make upon you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

BE ALWAYS at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse for declining the offices of humanity.

[M. Aurel.]

FOR MEN to resolve to be of no religion till all are agreed in one, is just as wise and as rational as it would be to determine not to go to dinner, till all the clocks strike twelve together.

[Scott.]

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XXIX.

FLORENCE, Sept. 3, 1848.

WE HAVE spent more than a week in this fine city of the Fine Arts, gazing at pictures, frescos, statues, engravings, mosaics, and the wonderful productions of Etruscan talent; some of them older than our religion, till our heads are giddy with seeing. We have spent whole days in the galleries and palaces; sometimes whole hours in looking at the pictures or statues in a single room not twenty feet square. Here are some of the master-pieces of the Old Masters: the "Venus de Medicis," the "Knife-Grinder," the "Wrestlers," in sculpture; the "Madonna della Seggiola," the *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael, if we except, perhaps, his "di San Sisto" at Dresden. Here are also some of the finest works of the modern schools of painting. But the mind tires and the eye grows dim after looking through the "Pitti Palace" and the "Vecchio," and contemplating these thousand variant representations of human thought as described on canvass or chiselled out of the solid marble. One sees much to excite his admiration of the taste, talent, and good judgment of the artists of different ages; and not a little to make him feel sad or angry at the strange mingling of heathen notions in christian compositions. Whoever enters these galleries or churches to look at pictures, must try to banish all ideas of *appropriateness*. He must sink all but the mere capacity of an amateur in the Fine Arts, and look at them, not as pictures of truth, but as figments of fancy; the delineation of ideas cherished in other times, when superstition and error obscured the intellect, and gave a deep coloring to the dreams of the imagination. This would be all well enough, if truth was not disfigured by such fabrications. But one must look upon these pictures of sacred subjects as he would read the "Arabian Nights," or the travels of "Baron Munchausen." They are sacred fictions on canvass. To be looked upon in the light of sober reason, many of them are false, deceptive and ridiculous. But they represent vividly the notions of the church at the period of their production, and as such are valuable, in addition to being superior works of art. But the most careless observer cannot fail to discover a strange combination in many of these pictures, of heathenism with Christianity. These Madonnas are little else than Venuses, these Infants than Cupids, and these saints bear a strong resemblance to the gods, heros, and sages of olden times.

In most of the rooms containing pictures of merit, persons were employed making copies, some merely on speculation, others for their own improvement, being students of the Art. Numerous copies of all the best pictures are exhibited for sale in the shops and studios about the city. Those made by students are transported to their homes, or sold here to defray their necessary expenses. It is well, doubtless, to study these works of the old Masters, to profit by their labors; but nobody will

ever become truly eminent till he breaks away from any and every school of painting, and, like those he *copies*, becomes familiar with *Nature's* instructions, and learns to make *original* transfers to his own canvass. It is the fault of our times that we have too many copyists, mere imitators of other men. We lack that originality which dashes out, Columbus-like, to occupy new ground, and establishes a character of its own. This is the reason why there are so few pieces to elicit general admiration. Each school has had its man, its leader, who has given direction, and others have followed after. There is the Dutch, Flemish, Venetian, French, Etruscan, &c. Where is the American? Who will found one? Not the *copyists* of Italian art; nor those who robe our Republican simplicity in the classic drapery of the ancients. But some genius will arise who will be true to his age and will inscribe the ideas and feelings which now live, and make his canvass speak the language of significance. It is not necessary to blunder into the darkness of the past to shade the pictures of life. Sacred subjects can be described without the follies and falsities of superstition. I am tired to death of the Madonna and Child, painted in ten thousand forms, but generally as a pretty girl of sixteen with a sweet little baby in her lap or in her arms, representing nothing that comports with our idea of the Son of God, or the divinity of his mission. And these are hung over every altar, and displayed about the churches, and in public and private galleries. The folds of superstition wrapt about objects we still revere, may arouse a sombre feeling of reverence; but, in our view, religion should not be so represented, but be made more joyful and attractive. The gloom of the past is passing away. Hope is supplanting fear, and the believer begins to rejoice in a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Let every man be true to the age he lives in, and reflect what light he has; but never stoop to the servility of mimicking other men's actions. He may then hope to become something and be esteemed for what he is worth.

It has been said, Americans do not appreciate and encourage the Fine Arts, that our painters and sculptors cannot afford to work at home; that nobody will give them the price paid by Kings, Dukes, and noblemen, for their productions—thirty, forty, and fifty thousand dollars for a single piece of canvass daubed over with paint. It is true that Americans are somewhat chary of their means, having worked hard to obtain them, but, taken as a whole, our nation is doing as much as any other to encourage the arts, though perhaps in a humbler and more general way. So true is this, that when an American calls at the studio of some copyist, the poor fellow looks up in hope, expecting that now he shall find a recompense for his toil, for we are thought to be rich, as a little lad said to us in broken English, "Americans tout all rische, have great monie, buy much thing." Few besides Americans are travelling this season, and so they are the sole dependance of the hosts who look for wayfarers to purchase their works. But it is questionable whether this is the best way to foster a good taste and talent at home, to help build up a character of our own—the mere transplanting of *copies*, good or ill, of the thoughts and feelings of other times. It may serve to awaken native talent, but it would leave that talent to perish, like the early flower, through want of protection. Besides, it helps to make us look upon the things far behind, while we set before our children the falsities and superstitions of the dark ages. It is better far to pay a higher price for a poorer painting, so be it is truthful, the expression of something that lives, or has lived. Those pictures which disguise not nor deceive, like the truth they represent, may live always. But those pictures which interpret sacred subjects by the errors and superstitions of the dark ages, have but half a value; for the painting only is to be ad-

mired; the subject and the manner give us no pleasure, but make us sad. Let our native artists be true to themselves and the dignity of our time and nation, and if meritorious they will never want for encouragement. Above all, let them shun an aping habit which shall make them false and treacherous to the *ideas* of their own age.

Speaking of American artists, we have been to see Greenough, and Powers, and Mozier, who are each doing some very clever things. The former has in progress a composition for the east front of the Capitol at Washington, to stand opposite to Persico's. The design is national, and unlike his Washington, the costumes, and all connected with them, are *national* also. A stalwart backwoodsman is represented in the act of clenching a savage, who holds a tomahawk in one hand which he had raised to slay the little child which the wife has just rescued from his grasp, and holds clasped in her arms with all the intensity of a mother's emotions, while the smiling babe looks up into her face, unconscious of the least danger. The idea is the *progress of civilization*. It will be a grand and beautiful piece, and reflect the highest credit upon the artist. It will be completed in a year or so. Mr. G. has another pretty piece in bass relief, representing a *point* in his own life. An artist is sitting in dejection, almost despair, contemplating a female figure he has just completed, his lamp just flickering on the verge of extinction, when an unseen *hand* with a cruise of oil fills his lamp, which is just *beginning* to brighten.

Mr. Powers is doing some fine busts and making copies of his Slave, and one or two new pieces. He has, also, in progress, a statue of "fair proportions," which is not yet all modeled, and so he did not reveal the subject. So far as we could judge, it is to be a national piece, perhaps the Goddess of Liberty, with Oppression and Tyranny under her feet, and the emblem of freedom in her hand. He is about to commence two statues for the capital of Vermont, his native State, one of Governor Chittenden, and the other of Ethan Allen. He is purely American in all his feelings, and true to the ideas of our age.

Mr. Mozier, who may be said to be an amateur artist, has displayed a full share of good talent, but he has not yet attempted any thing for a master piece. That is to *come*. But he has made many excellent and truthful busts, and is sufficient for some greater works.

These men all profess a preference for their native country, as the place to execute their works; but assert that they cannot obtain the workmen at home at prices which will enable them to live. So they remain here where labor, living, and material are cheap. And thus our young men are prevented from enjoying such advantages as would foster in them a talent which might become most eminent. Query. Should our Artists return home, are there not Italians who would come here to fill the demand for such labor, till native talent could be found to take their places, and would not the reward soon be adequate to the compensation of the Artist? We can never succeed in the establishment of an American school till our best talent gets out of Italy and works at home.

Florence is a fine city in some respects, but take away its works of art, and it would soon be desolate. It is supported, in a great measure by them—by artists residing here for study, and the multitude of visitors who come here to admire them. It is, also, the capital of Tuscany, the residence of the Grand Duke and his court. But the glory of courts is passed, and armies are now required to protect the persons of royalty. Every night companies of soldiers patrol the empty, narrow streets, and their tramp sounds sepulchral in the solemn stillness, as if this was the entrance to the tomb of nations. Between them and the music, and salutations of mus-

ketoes, to us, just now, of far greater moment than the fate of royalty, our nights have been much disturbed, and the quiet progress of our slumbers prevented.

The situation is very fine, on both sides of the Arno, now dried up to stagnant pools, surrounded by beautiful rich fields, extending back to the mountains, which seem to surround it at the distance of from five to fifteen miles. It is not so neat as one could wish, but less at fault than most Italian towns. Living is exceedingly cheap. A traveler may stop at the best hotels and live for 50 or 60 cents a day; if stopping for a few weeks, he can live for half that sum. Fruit—grapes, figs, and pears, are very plenty, the former for one or two cents a pound—a *hand full* of figs, as many as one can eat, for a *crazia*. Everything is very cheap. We had forced upon us one of the finest Leghorn hats at \$1 a piece. There is no trade. The political disturbances have unsettled all business. Everything is stagnant but the saying of *Masses* and the training of soldiery.

It is impossible for me to describe all I have seen—the Duomo, St. Mary's and other churches; the tower, Baptistery, with bronze doors, with bass reliefs on every panel, of which Michael Angelo, said, "they were fit to be the gates of Paradise;" the *house* of that great artist, now owned and occupied by an Englishman, who, in the true keeping of his country, refuses to let anybody see it, which contrasts unfavorably with the apparent pleasure with which Italians allow every body to see the works of art in their private dwellings—the Bridges, the Museum, the Manufactories of Alabaster; the rich Florentine mosaics, the Jews' quarter, the "Miserecordia," Cafes, picture sellers, flower girls, ringing of bells for prayers, the park, and riders, &c. These I leave till my return, when, from my notes, I will occasionally serve out some extracts for our readers. We start to-morrow for Rome by *voiture*. W. S. B.

BROODING OVER INJURIES.

The following excellent observations on this subject appeared in a recent number of the *Trumpet*.

A certain divine has said,—

"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up a wound, I am showing it to every body, and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool?"

But just such a fool is many a man who deals, after the same manner, with the injuries inflicted upon him by slander or envy, or any of the base promptings of ignoble souls. I own myself to have been such a fool at times, but having made the acknowledgement, I am no longer a fool. I see the moral of the similitude, and see the wisdom of binding up the wound *homœopathically*, and taking the appropriate medicine to keep the virus from striking inwardly. We cannot help being wounded; blows come from hands we cannot control; and all we have to do is to bind up the wound as speedily as possible, and keep it from the air, remembering that if it is to heal at all, it must heal within. Don't touch it unless it needs washing, and even let that process be so gently performed that it shall remove the defilement without inflaming the wound.

H. B.—N.

Seventeen of the men and girls, who participated in the factory riots at Pittsburgh, have been tried, of whom eight men and five girls have been convicted, and four men acquitted. Sentence has not yet been passed. The punishment will probably not be very heavy, as no serious damage was done.

The free and independent Republic of Liberia has appointed the Rev. Mr. McLean, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, its Minister at the Seat of Government of the United States.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

N. Y. BAPTIST REGISTER, vs. UNIVERSALISM.

[Continued.]

VI. Our redoubtable Baptist writer, "Mentz," adduces as his sixth argument to prove "Universalism not the religion of the Bible," the alledged fact that it "rejects the doctrine of a supernatural change of heart." He quotes from some Universalist writer, what he thinks to be proof that the denomination reject the doctrine of a supernatural change of heart, and then quotes John i. 12, and iii. 8, and 1 Tim iv. 10, to prove this doctrine a Bible doctrine. But what do these passages say about a "supernatural change of heart?" Nothing. They speak of being born of the spirit, born of God, of the special salvation of the believer, of what we believe to be *regeneration*, renovation, a turning from darkness to light, from the love and dominion of sin to the love and obedience of God. But, though to the unenlightened this may seem mysterious, we know not that there is anything supernatural about it, or anything but what is perfectly natural for God to work on the minds of men by the ordinary means of grace and operations of his spirit. Why will not our Baptist brother accommodate or enlighten us by giving us a few passages, or even one passage of Scripture that speaks of a "supernatural change of heart?"

VII. His seventh proof is, that "Universalism makes God the author of sin," and this consists of a garbled extract from Ballou's Treatise on Atonement, wrested from its connection and not giving the author's whole meaning. Mr. Ballou argues that God will overrule sin and temporary evil for final good—not that God commits sin, or is the author of it, *as such*—but what acts are sinful in *men* and by them intended for evil, God ordains and overrules for good, so that, as in the case of Joseph's brethren, what they meant unto evil God meant unto good, therefore it is not sin in him. Hence, this writer's quotation of Ps. v: 4, Hab. i: 13, and Job xxxiv: 10, is nothing to the purpose, and does by no means disprove Mr. Ballou's position. But how is it with our Baptist brethren? Do not they profess to be Calvinists, and to hold, with the Westminster Assembly of divines, that "God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass?" Most surely they do. Well, then, they are quite as obnoxious to the charge of making God the author of sin, or more so, than Mr. Ballou.

VIII. The next proof urged by the Register is this, that "Universalism maintains that the divine favor can neither be gained nor lost." Under this head, the writer makes another garbled extract from Mr. Ballou, evidently, (and perhaps intentionally,) misunderstands him, and then attempts to array the Bible against him by quoting Prov. viii: 35, xii: 2, and Isaiah xxviii: 11. Mr. Ballou's obvious meaning was, that man could not purchase or merit the divine favor on the one hand, nor utterly lose and sacrifice it on the other; for the New Testament teaches that we are saved by grace, not by works; that God loved the world when dead in trespasses and sins, and that nothing can separate us from that love. True, sinners may lose and do lose, the present enjoyment of that love; but that affects not the existence or reality of that love, any more than the passing cloud that shuts the brightness of the sun from our vision, annihilates

the sun in the firmament, or extinguishes his beams forever.

IX. The ninth argument of the Register is this, "Universalism maintains that our future life has no connection with the present, and that our eternal destiny is in no sense dependent on our character here." The last part of this charge is false. No enlightened or well informed Universalist will deny the connection between the present and future life. But we do deny that our *eternal* destiny depends upon the character we may form here, or upon any other similarly uncertain and contingent event. For, when God "swore by himself that every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that in the Lord they had righteousness and strength, there was no contingency in the way—no such obstacle as the uncertainty of man's character here. The oath was sure and irrevocable. See Gen. xxii. 16—18, Isa. xlv. 22—24, Heb. vi. 13—18. The text quoted by "Mentz," to disprove this position has no bearing on the subject.

X. The next argument supposed to be fatal to the biblical character of Universalism is this, "Universalism maintains that God is never moved by prayer; that it produces no effect upon him." And our sapient author then refers to the prayers of Moses, Elijah, &c., to the Lord's answering them in sending rain, fire &c.; to the direction, "ask and ye shall receive, &c.—and no doubt, in his own mind, this writer thinks he has shown Universalism to be sadly at issue with the Bible. But upon our "soul and honor," we know of none of these, or other texts, which, when rightly understood, convey the idea that prayer has ever changed the mind or altered the purposes of God towards his creature man. Whatever, from a superficial reading of them, may at first view, seem to be their meaning, we do not believe any of the inspired penmen intended to contradict the plain and positive assertions of the Bible, sanctioned by reason, that God "is without variableness or the shadow of turning;" that "he is in one mind" and none "can turn him;" that he is "the Lord and changes not." In fact, we believe God is, and always was right, and exactly what he should be; and if we thought we could *change* him by prayer, we should never dare to pray to him for fear of making him worse. It is *because* we feel assured of this immutability that we venture to pray to him; not to alter him in nature or purpose, but to catch a glimpse of his perfections, to elevate our affections, purify our hearts, lift our souls upward, become reconciled to him, and imitate him in all his imitable perfections. And if prayer produce these results who will dare to affirm that prayer is not answered, even though God remains unaffected by it?

XI. The eleventh charge our Baptist author prefers is this, "Universalists maintain that all obligation to observe the Christian Sabbath, and other Christian ordinances, is annulled." This charge, if we except a few individuals of Quaker origin, or notions, in our denomination, is entirely false, and is proved to be so by the almost uniform practice of our Churches, and we need not spend a moment in further considering it except to remark, that there is an excellent rule laid down in a certain book, that our censor seems not to be over familiar with, which readeth as follows: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

XII. His twelfth charge is that Universalism maintains that men are judged in this world and in this life, for all their deeds." In reply we have only to say, this is no part of Universalism. Though held by individuals, it is no part of the system of Universalism; for other individuals, equally firm in Universalism, reject this opinion. But the two texts quoted by this Baptist writer from Heb. ix. 27, and Matt. xiii. 40—42, neither prove nor disprove the doctrine.

XIII. His next charge is, that "Universalists maintain that

the bodies which we now have are not to be raised in the general resurrection." Very well; in this they agree with Paul when he says: "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be." "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." Just as certain as it is that the "bodies which we now have" are made of flesh and blood, just so certain it is that they cannot inherit the kingdom of God, even if they were to be raised from the dead; and just as certain as "the bodies we now have" are weak, corruptible, and mortal, just so certain it is, that the resurrection bodies will be powerful, uncorruptible, and immortal, and, of course, very different from those we now have.

XIV. Our censor's last proof that Universalism is not the religion of the Bible is, that it "denies the doctrine of endless punishment." This charge we acknowledge to be true, and we glory that we do deny the doctrine of endless punishment. But this fact, so far from proving Universalism to be "not the religion of the Bible," proves it to be in harmony with that blessed volume. For the Bible declares, God "will not cast off forever," that "he will not contend forever, nor be always wroth," and assigns the reason why he will not, viz., the creature could not endure it—"the spirit should fail before me and the souls which I have made." Isa. lvii. 16, and Samuel iii. 31. Now, when partialists contradict this testimony, and not only declare that God will contend forever, contrary to his word, but fail to give as good a reason why he will, as He has why he will not, we have a right to say, and do say, that "*Partialism is not the Religion of the Bible.*"

Having gone through with his fourteen proofs that Universalism is not the Religion of the Bible, our Baptist brother congratulates himself that he has shown that the Bible "flatly contradicts" each position attributed to Universalists; and hence concludes that "Universalism is a system of infidelity," and its believers "cannot be recognized as a Christian denomination." Hence he feels, no doubt, greatly relieved. We have shown, however, in this review, that many of the sentiments and positions he attributes to Universalists, are not held at all by any Universalists; that others are the mere private opinions of a few individuals, and form no part of the system of Universalism; that he has garbled, perverted, and wrested from their design and connections, the writings of some of our authors, in order to make them appear to disadvantage, and falsely charged upon others sentiments they never uttered; and that wherever he has stated the sentiments and principles of Universalism, as they really are, he has utterly failed to show them unscriptural; nay more, that we have shown them to be sustained by the Bible, and his own partialist notions to be directly in opposition to that sacred standard. It is obvious to those acquainted with the writings of M. Hale Smith, that the conception and form of most of the ideas advanced in these articles, now reviewed, are to be mainly attributed to him. The retailer of them may be as innocent as he is ignorant. But the views of Smith's writings have been so extensively diffused through the community, by the endorsement and publication of the American Tract Society, and the "Register," in which these articles of "Mentz" appeared, has so extensive a circulation, that we deemed it appropriate and useful to the public, to review these articles, as we have done above. May the truth thereby be promoted. D. S.

OUR PAPER AND SPECIE.—There are 778 banks in the United States with an aggregate capital of \$200,000,000. The whole circulation of the country is estimated at \$125,000,000, and the amount of specie at 25,000,000. We can accommodate the California influx without inconvenience. Send along your "big jumps."

ENDLESS MISERY RENOUNCED ON A DEATH BED.

We have sometimes heard, through channels which have rendered the story doubtful, of the renunciation of Universalism on a death-bed. And those who have circulated such reports have seemed to rejoice at such an event, believing, as they assert, that the soul is thus made fit for heaven, and prepared to die easy. They have not stopped to inquire how such a change could produce such effects. They assume that Universalism is false and hateful to God, and hence that those who embrace it are deceived and wicked, and cannot die happy, or be saved in heaven. They have never inquired whether it was possible, in the nature of things, for the thought of eternal woe for themselves or for somebody else as capable of suffering, to produce calmness and serenity in that solemn hour when the soul is about to enter on those untried scenes which shall reveal all. We fear they have never brought the matter nigh them so as to view it in its proper light. If they had, they would find that there is nothing in the belief of eternal torments to add to one's peace in the dying hour, but much, very much to harrow up the darkest anguish of the soul; for who that dies feels that, *in himself*, he has done ought to merit heaven—to save himself, when the grace of God alone is sufficient? And if he has laid the flattering unction to his soul that *he* is safe, the elect of God, by any process of reasoning, however shallow or profound, yet he must have some friend or kin who has died or may die, in a less favorable condition. In death the heart's last and strongest feeling is love; all its energies are keenly alive to the holy memories of true friendship. How then can he be made happier by knowing that some of his friends—that somebody will be damned forever, writhe perpetually in endless agonies in hell? Who is so foolish, so blind, or unbelieving as to say that such an one can die the happier for such a faith?

It will not do to say that more is meant—reconciliation to God, faith in Christ, assurance of heaven, &c. All that the Universalist has, and more. He believes that, through the grace manifested in Jesus, he shall be saved from the sins, miseries, and corruptions of earth, and become pure, spiritual and immortal. He sees before him the heavenly inheritance, the gift of God, and feels that he is about to enter upon its possession. And by faith, he sees "all things" reconciled to God by Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. v. 17-20.) He feels the last throbs of his heart beating deeper with the affections of love to his friends and fellow-men than ever before; and he looks just over the grave where he shall meet them, all immortal, pure, and happy, and so be forever with God. Who will say that such an one cannot die happy? That he must exchange such a faith, and believe that somebody will be tormented as long as God's throne shall stand? Who that seriously thinks, or religiously feels, will assert such a falsity, in defiance of all reason, all fact, all experience?

But it is said people do renounce Universalism and die happy. Never. The thing is impossible. Until pain can give pleasure and misery create joy, such can never be. And no case was ever reported, of one who *believed* in the great salvation, renouncing such a faith on his death-bed, and I very much doubt if an honest man ever renounced it at any other time. There have been those who had no real faith, who, having been told by orthodox preachers that Universalists were infidels and wicked men, caring for nothing, have thought, that being such, they were Universalists. Such, finding their mistake, have renounced a name about which they never had any correct knowledge, having gained their only information from limitarian falsifications. And there have been those devoid of moral principle who have, for the hope of gain, renounced our faith, and gone into the service

of their proper allies. We have had a Smith and a Whittaker, and a few others of like character, who are known to have been dishonest and faithless. They must be stupidly blind, or they know it themselves. But where is the man of high moral worth and good information who has ever come to think less of the Divine goodness, the sufficiency of grace, or the fullness of salvation? They are rare.

But did ever any one renounce endless misery on a death-bed? Yes. The cases are not unfrequent. Not where persons have, by some sudden revelation been convinced of its error, and of the truth of the opposite doctrine. But having thought seriously, examined well, and felt deeply, they have openly declared the utter inadequacy of the one to give support and comfort, and the sufficiency of the other. They have balanced both, and in that hour have expressed their preference. A case in proof came to our knowledge last week. A Mrs. Tracy, a notice of whose death will be found in the proper place, was educated a Presbyterian and joined that Church, of which she remained a member up to her death. During the long sickness and death of an intimate friend she heard and saw something of Universalism, which suggested to her its great preference over a partialist faith. She examined the matter and pondered it in her own thoughts. A few weeks ago she was taken sick, and grew suddenly worse. A short time before her death, when confident she could not long survive, she expressed a strong desire to see the writer. He called on her. She had no hope of recovery, but said she must soon die. She was perfectly calm. She said she had no fear of death; she had many friends in heaven and she should soon meet them, and it would not be long before all the rest would be with her. She expressed her full faith in the salvation of all men by Jesus Christ, and the sweet comfort such a faith gave her; but how could she be happy if she thought some must be forever lost? The scene was solemn and impressive. She was rational, calm, and happy till she died.

Who that is qualified to judge will say there is no virtue, no sustaining power nor cheering hope in this blessed faith to sustain the soul when sinking in death? Are not these proofs in point? And, borne out by correct reasoning upon all the facts in the case, do they not satisfy the most incredulous who will examine them? Wherefore, then, do any doubt? W. S. B.

INSTRUCTIVE VISION.

On Sunday last, being on exchange with Br. Chapin, I attended the session of the Murray-street Sunday School. (By the way, this is my uniform custom—both for my own gratification, and the interest of the children.)

The number of pupils, owing to the rainy morning, was small. I was, however, abundantly compensated for the visit, by a Bible Class, under the instruction of Br. E. How pleasingly came to my remembrance the testimony of old concerning "the hoary head in the way of righteousness!" The teacher was a veteran in the cause of Universalism. Long years have I known him as an intelligent, zealous, persevering Universalist; and here, past the meridian of his life, his gray hairs were being crowned with the glory of an instructor of youth in the religion of our God!

Alas! how few of our laymen of *his* age, are found in our Sunday Schools, in the capacity of Teachers! Would to heaven there were many of them.

A. C. T.

GOLD DOLLARS.—The subject of coining gold dollars is now before the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, as well as one of the committees of the Senate, and is likely to be recommended by them to the favorable consideration of Congress.

SHORT COMMUNICATIONS.—WRITERS.

We are always in want of *short*, pithy articles in defence or explanation of the principles of our holy religion; such as will be interesting and profitable to our readers. We could not ask our numerous and excellent correspondents to be at the trouble of writing long articles. They are not as likely to be read, and of course, do not do so much good. We know it is more difficult for some to write short pieces than long ones; as a boy once said to his teacher who asked him why he wrote such a long composition: "I had not *time* to maket it *shorter*." The power of condensation is not possessed alike by all. Like any other good quality, however it is increased by exercise.

Where are some of our writers in the *lighter* branches of literature. Do they walk no more among beauties and flowers? Where is "A. A. M.," "Louisa," "Theresa, and several others whose initials do not occur to us this moment? We should be right glad to hear from them.

Our paper now has a wide circulation, and we are anxious to make it altogether what it should be. To do so we need the aid of our brethren in all parts of the country, of this state especially, not so much to communicate purely local news, as to exhibit the workings and the progress of truth in the regions about them. Our preachers who will furnish us occasional short articles shall not "lose their reward." But we wish them to feel a responsibility—to remember that thousands will read what *they* write. They preach to large congregations, from the altar to which we invite them, and may do much good.

A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

We would not be greedy, but really we should like to have a few thousand more subscribers to our paper. Our friends have done well for us, and we hope they are satisfied that we are doing what we can for them. There is, we admit, chance for further improvements; and we are resolved to make them just as fast as we can afford it. There are hundreds and thousands in this State, and as many in other States who do not take any religious paper; who would be glad to take ours, if we could but find them out, or get them to see it. Will our patrons take some pains to bring this subject to their knowledge? We make liberal offers to companies of *five* and over. We are resolved to do everything in our power to merit patronage whether we receive it or not.

It is a good cause, Brethren. Let us work in it. None shall go unrewarded. How comfortable one feels when he has done his duty, and knows that others are blessing him for it! Your neighbors will bless you for having recommended to them our paper.

PRIMITIVE EXPOUNDER.*

It appears from the first number, which has just reached us, that a new volume of the above named paper was commenced on the fourth inst., and that some important changes have taken place in regard to it. It has been removed from Ann Arbor to Lansing, Michigan, and Rev. R. Thornton has been succeeded in the Editorial management by Rev. J. H. Sanford. We extend to both the retiring Editor and his successor, our hearty salutations and good wishes. Were it not that much of the type is of so *primitive* a character as to be scarcely legible, it would make a very respectable appearance. The Expounder has always, we believe, been unexceptionable in respect to its doctrinal character, and we cordially commend it to the patronage and support of the friends of our cause, in the region for which it is more particularly designed. It is published semi-monthly at \$1 per annum, in advance.

TEMPERANCE AND SECTARIANISM.

It would seem from some recent indications, that the spirit that dictated the "far-famed blue laws of Connecticut," and which was thought to be dead and buried long ago, had met with a resurrection, and been concentrated in our neighboring city of Bridgeport. It is but a few days since we noticed the pitiful meanness of a chairman of a public meeting, refusing to put the nomination of a respectable clergyman for the important office of school committee to vote, because his conscience would not allow him to extend such a courtesy to a heretic. From the following, which we copy from the Bridgeport Farmer, it would seem, that that conscientious moderator is not alone in the glory of exhibiting bigotry and intolerance on a small scale. We advise Mr. Barnum to obtain a few specimens of these conscientious moderators and clergymen, if they can be had on moderate terms, for exhibition in his Museum. We apprehend that he will not be obliged to wait long before he will be able to exhibit them to advantage, as relics of defunct Calvinism. But to the extract:

"Mr. Chapin, a clergyman of the Universalist denomination, a man whose character has always stood above reproach, and who possesses a high reputation as a scholar, an orator and a forcible Temperance Lecturer, was refused the privilege of delivering a *Temperance* lecture in a certain church in this city, by the pastor of said church, and the refusal was grounded solely on the objection of the pastor to the religious principles of the Lecturer!

Dr. Jewett was recently hired to deliver five Lectures on Temperance in the city of Bridgeport. The subscription list was headed by a Universalist who pledged himself to contribute, if necessary, one *quarter* of the whole amount to be paid for Dr. Jewett's services. The times and places determined on for the delivery of these lectures were as follows:

On Sabbath evening in the North Presbyterian Church, Monday evening, Methodist Church, Tuesday evening, Universalist Church, Wednesday evening, City Hall, Friday evening, Baptist Church.

Notices to that effect were handed to the various clergymen to be read from their respective desks. One of the clergymen read the notice as follows:

Dr. Jewett will lecture on Temperance in the North Presbyterian Church on Sabbath evening, in the Methodist Church on Monday evening *in the house occupied by the Universalists*, on Tuesday evening, in the City Hall on Wednesday evening, and in the Baptist Church on Friday evening.

Another clergyman announced as follows:

Dr. Jewett will give a Temperance Lecture in the North Church on Sabbath night, in the Methodist Church on Monday night, he will lecture on temperance *(without saying where)* on Tuesday night, on Wednesday night in the City Hall, and on Friday night at the Baptist Church.

A third clergyman, at whose church Dr. Jewett lectured, took occasion to announce to the congregation, that "he had attended the other lectures of Dr. Jewett, [he did not attend at the Universalist Church, nor did any of the regular clergy of Bridgeport,] and had watched closely Dr. Jewett's course, and he found that the Doctor had advanced nothing but what was purely *evangelical* and consistent with *orthodox* views. The words italicised are of course to be understood as interpreted by those who have assumed the title orthodox.

One of the above clergymen refused some time since to read a notice, that Mr. Chapin would deliver a Temperance lecture in Bridgeport; but the same clergyman, on introducing Mr. Gough to lecture in his church, stated to the congregation in effect, that he had examined Mr. Gough and found him to be "orthodox" in his religious opinions, and therefore took pleasure in offering him the use of his church to lecture—*On Temperance!* Mr. Gough in return reciprocated in the course of his lecture, by stating his belief in certain *sectarian* notions, which are utterly repugnant to many sincere believers in the Christian religion, who had congregated on that evening to hear Mr. Gough lecture on *Temperance!*

On one occasion the same clergyman was invited to lecture on temperance before a female temperance society in Bridgeport, and he devoted nearly the whole of his lecture to show said fe-

males the importance of their becoming the pedlars of sectarian tracts in the city! And he accomplished his object; for the females met him according to his suggestion, and became *tract distributors* under his directions!

I desire these facts to be published, in the hope that these reverend and august gentlemen may mend their ways in the matter, and confine their *dogmas* within their proper province. I also wish them published as a curious and instructive record, for our children to turn back to some years hence; for without such a record, the next generation could hardly believe that such a narrow feeling as is here manifested could have existed in this enlightened state in 1849. The effect of such conduct on the part of our clergy, except so far as it injures the temperance movement, only produces merriment in the ranks of their religious opponents; for they well know that such littleness will only create a laugh, and expose its authors to the ridicule, pity, and perhaps contempt, of men of reflection and

COMMON SENSE."

SINCERITY OF UNIVERSALISTS.

Our partialist brethren do but betray their ignorance of us, and of our sentiments, when they affirm, as they are in the habit of doing, that we cannot be sincere in our profession of belief. So far is this from being true, that of all other persons in the world, Universalists have the most abundant reason for sincerity. We know, and are as sensible as any others can be, that there is very little chance for us, and we see as little for others, if Universalism be not true. What then but the most undoubting convictions of its truth, could lead us to peril our eternal all upon a faith like this? We know that our unbelief of partialism cannot alter the truth, if it be a truth, and there is no conceivable motive for rejecting it, but the conviction that it is false, as there can be none for believing Universalism but the conviction that it is true. All motives of a different character, such as interest or policy, would lead in another direction and to the embrace of some more popular scheme. Whatever other faults may be chargeable to the account of Universalists, we believe that hypocrisy is not one of their easily besetting sins. And it is one circumstance that tends greatly to reconcile us to the hardships of our lot in advocating an unpopular sentiment, that there are so few hypocrites to be found in our ranks, for if perchance such should pretend to be with us for a season, they very soon leave us, and go where they can find more congenial associates. And then as to preaching the sentiment, we think that whatever other boon is denied them, the preachers of our faith ought to be allowed the merit of great sincerity. We doubt if the world can produce a more self-sacrificing, devoted class of men than the Universalist clergy, taken as a body. Most of them have sufficient talent to secure wealth and honor in any other vocation, and yet but few of them have any other prospect before them, after a toilsome life spent in this service, than that, that God who hears the raven's cry, and "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" will provide for their wives and their little ones, when the husband and father, through infirmity or age, shall be no longer able to provide for them. And yet in the face of the world's scorn, and in the midst of bitter opposition and persecution, they pursue their work, with a zeal, fortitude, and determination, worthy of the best days of martyrdom. This much we have felt justified in saying by way of self-defence, because we have been so often and unjustly reproached with not believing what we preach.

S. C. B.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL IN DANBURY.

We are happy to learn that the above named entertainment passed off very pleasantly and successfully, and that a handsome sum was realized, to be applied to the purposes of the Universalist Society in that place.

ANOTHER CONVERSION.

From a letter recently published in the "Star in the West," it appears that Rev. W. A. Webster, formerly of the Baptist connection, has recently been converted to Universalism, and has commenced the proclamation of the glad tidings of the gospel. He is spoken of as a man of unexceptionable character. We have but little to fear from the libellous aspersions of such men as M. H. Smith and others like him, while respectable and intelligent men from among the partialist clergy, continue to pour into our ranks, at the rate they have done for some years past.

LETTER TO REV. H. BALLOU.

At the request of the writer, we cheerfully give place to the following communication to our venerable father in Israel.—Should all who are indebted to him on the same ground, as the writer of this letter, attempt to acknowledge the favor in the same manner, we apprehend that we should have no lack of correspondence for some time to come. May we not hope that its publication may serve to stimulate all our brethren to greater activity in disseminating those publications, which may be instrumental in infusing the light of the Gospel truth into other minds, equally benighted and sincere, as was our brother whose case is here related.

LEXINGTON, DIST. SO. CA., Jan. 1849.

FATHER BALLOU:—I intended addressing you long ere this, but owing to a variety of circumstances, I was prevented; and the reason I now address you thus, is, that not only yourself, but others likewise, may know the benefit you have done me.

I was educated in the orthodox faith in infancy, and having passed that change which they styled regeneration, I was attached to the Baptist church in early life. In passing this change, the strong and glowing colors in which the orthodox preachers described the torments of the damned so affrighted me, (for no man can deny but that intense infinite suffering is to be dreaded,) that my imagination became so distorted as to produce the liveliest images of terror, which haunted my almost paralyzed soul. At length, getting a glimpse of the light of life, I rejoiced in Jesus, the author of salvation.

After my attachment to the Baptist church, the keen anguish of soul which I had felt, together with the love of a Savior, inspired me with an ardent zeal in his cause, in opposing the ruinous course of sinners. I soon became a public speaker, and shortly after was ordained a Baptist preacher. I was not long in perceiving that I was not a very acceptable preacher, the cause of which I pretty well knew. It was not so much for the lack of piety as the want of suitable qualifications for a public speaker. Resolved to become an efficient preacher, I set about informing myself by every means in my power. My circumstances being limited, as well as my education, I investigated every theological work that fell in my way. My convictions were, that the Calvinistic was the most consistent system of faith; a system darker than any to be found in any heathen mythology. But I thought not so then. In a word, I was a Calvinist—a high Calvinist, and so remained until your Treatise of Atonement fell into my hands, and overthrew my darling Calvinism. I first read the life of Murray, without knowing his character, until I read his life. He perplexed me very much. I had thought little about Universalists, for I had always been taught to regard them as unworthy the Christian name and as the most impious sinners of mankind. But I had received a wrong impression, if Murray was to be credited, and his religious life corresponded in a measure, to my own; wherefore an anxiety arose in reference to a comparison of systems; as detached arguments could not satisfy me, whether answerable or unanswerable. Fortunately for me, the next book which I read of the kind was your Treatise of Atonement. This did the work for me. It exploded the false systems of the day.—It reflected light to which I had been a stranger. It enabled me to read the character of an impartial God in the Bible, and to proclaim his impartial love to mankind, though persecuted, despised and excommunicated from the Baptist church for no other cause. For me to attempt to give you thanks for what

you have done for me, would be utterly useless. I cannot express my gratitude, nor can I consent to keep the matter to myself. I want others to know, and participate in the pleasures I feel, derived from your labors, the knowledge of which must give pleasure to an impartial lover of mankind.

Your Son in the Gospel,

S. M. SIMONS.

PUBLIC DEBATE IN CANADA.

We learn from the "Primitive Expounder," that a public oral debate, on the subject of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, or the endless misery of a part, has been agreed upon between Rev. D. Oliphant, partialist, and Rev. J. B. Lavelle, (formerly from this vicinity,) Universalist.

The discussion is to be holden in Jordan, Canada West, on the 21st 22nd and 23d of February next. If judiciously managed, as we hope it may be, it cannot fail to result in good to our cause.

THE BAPTISTS DECREASING IN OHIO.

A Baptist paper published in Columbus, O., gives the following statistics of decrease in the numbers of the Baptist churches in that state during the past year. That sect appears to be running down more rapidly than any other in the country. We doubt if the country, or the interests of true religion, will suffer much from that cause.

"An examination of the minutes of twenty Associations, records the fact, that there has been a decrease in these twenty Associations during the last year, of 458 members. Seven Associations report an increase of 471, while thirteen report a decrease of 929!

"Since the above was written, the minutes of Portage Association have been received, reporting a decrease of 150 members. Twenty-one Associations report a decrease of 608!—Seven, an increase of 458, and fourteen a decrease of 1079!"

DEATH OF MRS. SPAULDING.

The following letter from the Trumpet, will be read with painful interest. How soon has this faithful wife followed her faithful companion! They were separated but a few weeks! We doubt not that they are joined in that world, where separations are not known!

PAPER MILL VILLAGE, N. H. Dec. 29, 1848.

Br. WHITTEMORE:—A few weeks since you published the death of our excellent brother, Rev. Asa Spaulding. I now take pen in hand to inform you of the death of his wife, whose health was so poor at the time of his decease. She died of pulmonary consumption, on the 22d inst., at the house of her father, Mr. Asahel B. Hodgkins, of Walpole, N. H., aged 21 years. As her husband was one of the best of men, so she was a worthy woman, beloved by all who knew her. She looked upon death with the utmost composure, often expressing her wish to go home. She was brought up in our faith, and died like her husband, trusting in Jesus, the Savior of the world.—Thus, in the space of a few weeks, this interesting couple are called to their final rest, leaving her parents and a large circle of relatives to mourn their loss. Both retained their senses to the last; and both died as the virtuous Christian dies, patient, resigned and full of the hopes of a blessed immortality. Both have died young in years; but let not their lives be reckoned by the years that they had lived. Rather let them be measured by their progress in the Christian race.

I attended the funeral of Mrs. Spaulding on the 25th, and saw her remains laid in the tomb by the side of her husband.

I will here take this opportunity to speak of Br. Spaulding. I rode six miles to see him a few days before his death. He said, "My life is well nigh spent." I asked him how his faith appeared to him in this trying moment. "Oh," said he, "it appears beautiful. It is a matter of great rejoicing to me that I have done what I could for the cause of Universalism; for I believe that in all its main points it is the truth of God." He then spoke of his funeral, and desired that words of comfort might be ad-

ministered to his feeble wife. "We talk," said he, "about leaving our friends on the earth; but I derive much comfort from the thought that when my body is dead, my spirit, though invisible to mortal eyes, will still be with my friends on earth. I shall not leave them," said he, "I shall be with them." I inquired if he had ever read Mr. Peabody's sermons on consolatory subjects. He said he had not. I think I have never seen a person with so much bodily disease who enjoyed so clear a mind. His sun went down without a cloud.

Yours in the bonds of Christian Fellowship,
JOSEPH BARBER.

SUICIDE OF A CLERGYMAN.

An orthodox paper published in New Hampshire, gives the following account of the suicide of a Presbyterian clergyman. Will our partialist friends insist upon applying to such a case as this, that home-made text, "No self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven?" We apprehend that they will not.

"The Presbyterian Advocate states that Rev. Robert M White committed suicide on Dec. 14th, at his residence in Virginia. Some time during the past fall he resigned his pastoral charge, where he had served pleasantly and profitably for some years, and accepted a call of the congregation of Chartiers, and a Professorship in Jefferson College. But he felt that this was a false step. His peace of mind was gone from the time of his removal, nor could he be contented without returning with his family to his former residence. This he did the week prior to his death. But if this was the proper remedy for his former supposed error, it came too late. His mind had lost its balance never to regain it in this world. From evident symptoms of derangement, his friends had been somewhat apprehensive of this fatal termination, but not sufficiently so to lead to vigilant measures to prevent it. He first attempted to procure arsenic, but the physician to whom he applied denied him. He then went home and in his own stable hung himself."

DEATH OF COL. JOSEPH KINGSBURY.

By the following announcement, it will be perceived that another venerable father in Israel has gone to his rest, full of years and full of honors.

SHECHEQUIN, Jan. 22d, 1849.

BR. SKINNER:—Our aged and worthy brother, COL. JOSEPH KINGSBURY, expired to-day at 1 o'clock, after an illness of a few weeks, though he had been somewhat indisposed nearly or quite a year. By this bereavement our cause has lost one of its best friends and supporters, and community a most worthy member. His funeral is to be on the 25th, after which I will prepare an obituary and send it on in time for your next issue.

Yours,

S. J. GIBSON.

TRIPE.

Take tripe as soon as practicable after it comes from the animal, rinse it well in cold water, and immediately sprinkle a thick coating of air-slacked lime over the inside,—roll it up and let it lie till the next day. Then cut it in pieces eight or ten inches square, scrape it and put it to soak in salt and water, where it should remain seven or eight days, or till the strong smell is entirely gone, changing the salt and water every day. Then boil it tender. It may be soured like pigs feet, or it may be broiled, fried with sausages, or dipped in batter and fried alone.

SAUSAGES.

Chop six pounds of lean with two pounds of fat pork, four spoonful of salt, six do. of powdered sage, four of black pepper and two of cloves—a little rosemary may be added. If not stuffed, keep the meat in a tin vessel, tied down close; and when to be used, roll it into cakes, dust them with flower and fry.—*Albany Cultivator*.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

A HIDDEN FLOWER.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

The following was written upon reading, a few days since, the fact of a beautiful purple flower being found blooming as fresh in the middle of a solid stone, as though it had been nurtured in a green-house:

A dark brown stone by the wayside lay
Spurned by the passer by;
For it seemed a cold and worthless thing
That never grew bright when came the spring,
With buds to bloom, and birds to sing,
And breezes light to fly.

Then a strong hand came and broke the stone;
A flower was its heart—
A flower with purple leaves as fair,
And soft as the silken locks of hair,
Which the nymphs of old were wont to wear,
And from their white brows part.

It was no frail ephemeral flower,
With sunbeams for its life;
For years had passed since their rays had been,
To give to the stalk its hue, of green
Or tinge its leaves with a purple sheen,
Or steal its odors rife.

For long ages past it might have dwelt
Within that cold, dark stone;
While many a nation had its birth,
Lived, died, and mingled with the earth,
That floweret, fadeless in its worth,
Outlived them in its home.

Even so, oft veiled in obscurity
Lies hid the poets lay,
While in darkness there unseen, unsought
Bright blooms the fadeless flower of thought,
Its leaves with undying beauty fraught,
Long years pass swift away,

Till at length the strong mind breaks the gloom
That kept it from the light.
The floweret then first breaks to view,
While laureate fame, like evening dew,
Descends upon each beauteous hue,
And makes its sun more bright.

THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF CROMWELL.

Many persons may remember that in the most pretty of suburban villages, Highgate, there stands a mansion nearly on the brow of the hill, bearing the name of "Cromwell House," one of the many relics remaining of that man, whose usurpation of supreme power wrought more good in England than all the reigns of the Stuarts. This house, which was the favorite resort of the Lord General during those hours when he relaxed from the cares of state, has continued, in some degree, an object of curiosity up to the present day; and they who indulge in the observation of relics of the olden time, may find

hemselves not uninterested in their notice of Cromwell House.

In the largest room of the mansion, in the month of January, 1652, sat three persons, dressed according to the puritanical fashion of the day. A large fire blazed from the antique grate, adding an air of comfort to their forms, while they discussed the varied topics of the times. But they shall speak for themselves.

"Yea, the Lord of battles did that day grant unto us a crowning victory," said one, whose stern, yet marked and intellectual visage and nose, which had so often excited the ribaldry of the Cavaliers, proclaimed the first man of his day—Oliver Cromwell.

"Even so," replied his companion, Colonel Jeffrys, to whom he addressed himself.

"But," added the usurper, "he, *'the son of the man,'* hath escaped, and while he yet lives —." The speaker paused. "I fear," quivered on his lips, but he durst not let the words escape in the presence of his adherents.

"Yea!" interrupted Colonel Martin, who until now had continued silent, apparently wrapped in a moody reverie, "the malignants are given unto the edge of the sword; they are cut down, root and branch; root and branch are they prepared for the fire!" and the speaker's wild look and wilder manner proclaimed him one of those stern and unyielding bigots who had contributed to hew down the obstacles in the path of their master to supreme power.

"Thou seemest possessed with a spirit," said the usurper, regarding with a kind of grim satisfaction the vehement manner of his follower.

"I had a vision," resumed the fanatic, his eyes gleaming almost with the fire of madness, "and a voice came unto me in the watches of the night, and said, 'Smite!' and I said, 'Lord, what shall I smite?' and the voice answered me and said, 'Smite the slayers of the Lord's people, root and branch, hip and thigh; kill and spare not!'"

"Yet," replied Colonel Jeffrys, as the other sank down almost exhausted by his vehemence, "methinks enough blood has been poured forth; there is not a cavalier in England durst show his head—not a mouth dare name Charles Stuart with praise. Your prisons are full, and your headsmen satiated."

"Thou art eloquent," said Cromwell.

"At least it is an eloquence which cometh from the heart," was the reply.

"Accursed be they who protect them," again said Martin. "Ere another week shall have passed, one more shall yet be added to the list—he whom the vain call Sir John Desmond."

"And I say," retorted Jeffrys, "accursed be they who would rejoice in the shedding of blood; let them beware, lest by man also shall their blood be shed."

"The wife of him thou hast named," said Cromwell, "but yesterday sought my presence."

"And thou——"

"Refused her," replied Cromwell, sternly. "Better and braver men than Desmond have fallen; nor must he be spared."

"Yet," continued Jeffrys, "our cause is now secure; shall blood continue to flow forever?"

"Though art grown strangely merciful," replied Cromwell.

"Thou fearest, then," said Jeffrys "lest her groans and supplications might win thee to grant her request?"

"Lead us not into temptation," interposed Colonel Martin, in a deep reverie.

"Thou," continued Jeffrys, unheeding the speaker, as if used to his singular manner, "thou who hast refused so many, feared the tears and touching eloquence of a woman."

"And dost thou not think," said Cromwell, as, with his accustomed felicity, he changed the subject for one less displeasing to him, "dost thou not think that the eloquence, which floweth from reason, and is assisted by forethought, is more powerful than that which cometh on the instant, and is the offspring, perchance of prejudice?"

"Nay," replied Jeffrys.

"And," quickly interrupted Cromwell, "dost thou think that I could so successfully have led my people, had I trusted to the words which sprung on a sudden, and which are not the result of a fixed principle?"

Colonel Jeffrys smiled inwardly, for he well knew that when Cromwell had been most successful, it had been when he trusted to the power of his feelings, and not in any of those more labored discourses with which he was wont occasionally to mystify his auditors; but he answered with more policy than to betray his opinion.

"I believe," was his reply, "that no power of reason, no studied speech, or set phrase, could match the eloquence which springs pure and fervent from the bosom of the loving pleading for the beloved."

"And I," returned the other, shortly, "believe as decidedly that thou art wrong."

"What labored oration," pursued Jeffrys, "can surpass David mourning for his son Absalom—'Oh! Absalom, my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee!'"

"Would," said Cromwell, abruptly, "would it were even now in our power to test this thing!"

Suddenly the other arose, and stood upright before the general.

"Pardon my boldness," he said, "but your wishes may be granted this hour, nay this very minute."

"What meanest thou?"

"That this moment waiteth without the wife of him you have named but now, come once more to plead for her husband's life."

"And darest thou?" said Cromwell, angrily.

"I would have dared far more," said Colonel Jeffrys, boldly. "She is the wife of one whom in my youth I loved, but who hath been separated from me by the iron nature of the times. He loved his king, I my country and its deliverer."

There was something in the nature of this speech that won the pleased and silent attention of the hearer, and he continued—

"I could not bear her tears, her agonies, and above all, her earnest despair. She is now without; admit her, and see if her eloquent feeling move not you as it did me; try if her despair be not more touching than the voice of the hired advocate."

"Admit her not—trust not to the voice of the charmer!" exclaimed Colonel Martin. "Her husband hath drunk deep of the blood of our people; the axe is prepared—let it be glutted with his blood!"

"Peace, my brother, I pray thee, peace," said Cromwell. "Thou hast done wrong," he added, turning to Colonel Jeffrys, "but she shall be admitted."

The order was given to the attendants, and, during a pause which made Colonel Jeffrys tremble for his client Lady Desmond was admitted. By this time, the sun had gone, and the light afforded by the red flame of the fire, which threw its glare fitfully and uncertainly on the inmates of that ancient room, was all that remained to reveal, in Elizabeth Desmond, as she entered, a woman of a sad and stately presence, and one on whom, if the lapse of years had done much, the weight of grief had done more, but neither had power to bow her form, or to quench the fire of an eye which looked mournfully but unquakingly on the group.

"Art thou the wife of the malignant, John Desmond?" said Cromwell, abruptly.

"I am his most unhappy wife."

"What wouldst thou?"

"Pardon for my husband."

"And wherefore should the most inveterate hater of God's people escape his righteous doom?"

"I am a poor, unlearned woman," was the reply, "unskilled in aught save prayer to my Maker. Weak in all save love for my husband, I can but repeat, pardon, pardon."

"Is it not written," said Cromwell, ominously, "The shedder of the blood of God's saints shall surely die?"

"In your hands rests the power of life and death; think, oh, think, upon the blood that has been spilled; how the great and the good have fallen—how, by your word, they have died—and, oh! add not another to the sad and melancholy list."

"Has not thine husband drawn his sword in every town in England?"

"It were vain to deny it."

"Has he not been the most determined of a daring race? When was banner lifted, battle or broil begun, and one of the name of Desmond away from the encounter? Away!—thou hast thine answer."

"I have dreamed and prayed for this hour," was the earnest reply; "for men say thou art just, though stern. And now that, by the manifest will of God, I stand face to face with thee, I will not yield. Thou hast a wife who hath lain in thy bosom, lived but on thy smile, and placed her very thoughts before thee. Picture the axe, the headsman, and the gory scaffold. Could she live to see thee thus?"

There was no movement on the part of her stern judge which might betray his thoughts; but, at least, he interrupted her not, and she continued:—

"Thou hast children, and felt the warm, soft touch of infancy upon thy lips—hast seen them grow up in love and fondness around thee—at morning and evening have bent before the same altar, prayed the same prayers, knelt before the same God!"

"Woman, thou troublest me!" said Cromwell, who, as is well known, was far from happy in these domestic relations.

"I have sons, and they shall honor thee, daughter and they shall bless thee," pursued Lady Desmond.

"Hath he not shed—"

"Look upon these gray hairs, and on these pale and quivering lips—upon this frail form, bowed with agonizing suspense—and pity, oh, pity me!"

"Away, away!"

"By thine hopes of heaven—by the love thou bearest to thy God—pardon, pardon for my husband!"

"Thou pleadest in vain."

"Then, by the memory of the blood which flowed at Whitehall—" She stopped, for she felt that she had said too much; yet the usurper's iron face changed not; but in the wild gesture of Martin, in the fearful and anxious stare of Jeffrys, she trembled for her suit. The group was worthy a painter.

For a minute Cromwell moved not, spoke not, and even scarcely breathed. It seemed an age to the agonized pleader. At last he uttered, as though the power of speech had suddenly come to him:

"Woman, thy prayer is granted; go in peace!"

Then turning to Colonel Jeffrys, he said:

"Thou wert right; I will see that the prisoner be released. This woman, in her great love, hath dared to speak to me of that which might have cost her dear.—Her husband shall be set free; for 'verily I say unto you, I have not found such great love—no, not in all Israel!'"

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—The House of Representatives, by a large vote, declared against flogging in the navy.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

BY HENRY.

Oh, Mother! how I love to lean
Upon thy gentle breast!
For sleep is sweet, when in thine arms
I sink away to rest.

In kindness thou hast cared for me,—
Watched o'er my infant years;
Hast soothed my petty wanderings,
And kissed away my tears!

Oh, Mother! thou hast been indeed,
A mother to thy boy;
And now within my heart a love
That time cannot destroy.

And Father takes me on his knee,
And pats me on my cheeks;
He tells me I'm a pretty child,
And smiles upon my freaks.

I love my father, for he toils
For all I have to eat;
And always smiles so pleasantly
At sundown, when we meet.

I love you both—you often speak
Of other worlds than this;
And say there's one, where I will go,
Of everlasting bliss!

You toil that I may learn to read,
You toil to give me food;
Oh, I will love you all my life,
You are so kind and good!

Original.

INTERESTING S. S. INCIDENT, AT NEWARK, N. J.

BR. JAMES W. DENNIS' ORDINATION.

For the last eighteen months Br. Dennis has been the Superintendent of our Sabbath School, in this city, and was highly esteemed and beloved by both teachers and scholars. When he commenced his work as a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, he resigned his office as Superintendent, which resignation was to take effect the evening of his ordination. As that occasion approached, the school thought it would be a suitable time to present him in a public manner, with some tangible evidence of their gratitude for his services, and esteem for his character and kindness. Accordingly, each of the scholars and teachers contributed, and purchased a small, but neat copy of the Bible, and on the occasion of his ordination, at the close of the services, Miss Angelina Hedden, one of our scholars, advanced toward the pulpit and in the presence of the audience, addressed him as follows, in a very clear and distinct manner:

"Br. Dennis, I appear here this evening as the representative of our Sabbath School, and for the last time, it is our privilege to recognize you as our Superintendent. For a number of months you have had

charge of our school, and I need scarcely allude to the very pleasant intercourse we have enjoyed, to the desire you have manifested to make us better and happier, and to the very faithful manner in which you have performed your duty, as Superintendent. You have now been ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry.—We have been present to witness these interesting services. And though it is unpleasant for us to reflect that from this night your connection with our school ceases, that we shall seldom hear your voice again, yet it rejoices us to know that there has been one more added to the number of heralds of the world's salvation. Henceforth you are to go on a mission of love, proclaiming peace and good will to man. And we have thought that this would be a fitting occasion for our school to present you with some trifling memento of our affection and esteem for your character and services. The holy calling to which you have now consecrated your life, is one in which you will no doubt meet with many trials and difficulties: you will need constant recurrence to the Bible, as the man of your counsel.—What is there then we can offer you more suitable as a token of our deep interest in your welfare, than this Good Book. We wish ever to live in your remembrance—we hope you will never forget the Newark Universalist Sabbath School. And as you turn over the leaves of this book, to learn the testimony of a Father's will, they will bring to your mind afresh these youthful faces that have so often greeted you. You will often think of us, we trust. And in the distant scenes of your labor, the interest you have manifested in our welfare, assures us that you will not forget the tender lambs of your flock, but will lead them with a gentle hand to the Good Shepherd of the great fold of humanity. Take then this book; receive it as a very trifling evidence of our love and esteem for you. To its sacred pages we are indebted for all the blessings of the Sabbath School. Let it be *your* duty to study its contents, cherish its interesting truths, proclaim its glorious tidings, practise its precepts, and wherever your lot in life may be cast, we shall ever pray for your happiness and prosperity. You have taken a deep interest in our school, in the improvement of our minds and hearts: we thank you for this. Long will you be remembered in our midst. And now in parting with you as our Superintendent, we would unitedly pray that the choicest blessings of Heaven may rest upon you.—Farewell, farewell."

—To this address, Br. Dennis replied in a very appropriate and feeling manner, referring to the happy hours he had spent in their school, on their excursions, and at their exhibitions; Urging them to love the school, to be punctual in their attendance, and faithful in the discharge of all their duties. He thanked them for the kind remembrance they had shown him in the gift of the Bible, assuring them he would never forget them, but ever feel a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of their school. We hope, however, that Br. D. will write out his reply for the paper. It was intended for the school to be present on the occasion, but there was such a severe storm raging at the time, the scholars could not get out. As it was, however, the occasion was a very happy one. We heartily commend Br. Dennis to the good people in New London, where he has settled, and hope that they will receive him with all kindness and love.

Newark, N. J.

J. G.

SKETCHES OF MY NEIGHBOR'S CHILDREN.

My next-door neighbor is peculiarly happy in the management of his children, which makes his lads and lasses the sweetest playmates alive. Their play-

room is a perfect paradise. Young leather-faced ladies and gentlemen, ranged around on miniature chairs, may there be seen, looking with a marble rigidity of features; dogs and cats, taught by complicated machinery to make divers strange noises; horses, whose prancing legs form a delightful contrast to the moveless carriages behind them; pigs, cows and squirrels, and birds of every shape and material, are neatly put up in their proper places; all being under the inspection of that busy little woman, my rosy-faced Mary. There is nothing like riot or disorganization under her rule. Not a doll is touched, nor a puppet moved, but in the way she wishes. With her lady-like ways and motherly airs she keeps all her young brothers and sisters in order, while there is always a prim turn at the corner of her mouth, which reveals the laugh lurking within; and when she does laugh, what a flood of life and melody! what music!—unrivalled by the strains of Paganini, or any other ninny, who ever charmed away the guineas of Europe. And what an expression, too! With your eye upon that sunny face, and your ear turned to those honied tones, you might imagine Eden restored as when the sun first lighted upon it; "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!"—How skillful too is the management of parties! Being a decided favorite among the small folks, I often contrive to smuggle myself in when anything of that kind is going on among them. And then what a scene of enjoyment! Little Mary pours out tea for the assembled visitors. All are now grave and serious, for they feel that they are acting an important part. Their diminutive cups of tea are sipped with the utmost gravity and decorum. Everything is on a scale of small magnificence. Little plates of sweetmeats; little baskets of cakes; nice little waiters; delicate little plates, and sweet little cups, like thimbles, in saucers of proportionate size: and then above all, those dear little fingers! those sparkling eyes, in which glee and frolic seem almost ready to burst from the seriousness which the awful occasion has thrown around them; those comic mouths and dimpled cheeks, where the laughs and the graces seem dancing in mockery of the grave part which the urchins are acting.

But supper is over. All now rush, with glee let loose into the adjoining play-room. And now what laughing and screaming! what rolling and tumbling! what a gushing flow of life and merriment! what giggling! what dressing of babies in one corner! what boisterous fun among the boys, and what screams among the girls! And what airs, too! what a singing together, among those young sons of the morning! what a shouting for joy, as the room becomes dizzy with glee! In the mean time, there sits my neighbor B——'s poor little William, all alone by himself. His face is pale and meagre; the hectic of consumption burns in one red spot on his cheek, and the lamp of life flickers with a strange unearthly glare in his eye. The poor little fellow has come with the others to the party, but his soul is not there. A thoughtfulness beyond his years has waved her pale sceptre over his brow; and now he sits sorrowful among the gay, silent among the noisy; his bright eye fixed upon vacancy, and his features hushed into a repose too awful for life. Imagination is already working; and the messengers of thought from the unseen world may be almost seen coming and going, in the occasional quiver of his cheeks. Death has marked him for a victim, and mocks him with the fleeting phantoms of thought. Poor child! his flower is withered in the bud, and must await a more genial clime to revive it. In the unseen fields of the stars it may soon bloom fragrant and lovely; one of the ornaments of that garden whose fruit is immortality and glory,

Agricultural Department.

MAKING DIPPED CANDLES.

The tallow, when melted, should be ladled into a wooden vessel of convenient width and depth, which has been previously heated by filling it with boiling water for an hour or more. Fill the vessel within an inch of the top with melted tallow, and keep it at that height by adding hot tallow or hot water. By this means the candles will be kept of full size at the top, and not taper off to a point, as is often seen with country candles.

The tallow, when used for dipping candles, should not be too hot. A temperature that will allow the finger to be dipped in without burning, is sufficiently hot, and at this temperature the candles will take on the tallow very fast. The wicks should be lowered into the melted tallow gradually, and should be lifted out of the tallow so slowly that when the bottoms of the candles are clear from the surface, the melted tallow will not run off them. When the candles are raised quick out of the melted tallow, the tallow will run off the candles in a stream, whereas if the candles are raised slowly, not a particle of tallow will fall from the candles. A few trials will satisfy any person in this matter. If the tallow is boiling hot, the wick will not take on the tallow to any considerable extent.

When candles are raised out of the tallow rapidly, the candles will be large at the bottom, and the tallow will extend below the wick, so that when burnt in a candlestick a piece of the candle will have no wick in it; and therefore for burning, will be useless. Where persons have no suitable wooden vessel, an iron vessel will answer for a dipping vessel. When tallow has been thoroughly melted over the fire, should it be dirty or impure, throw into it, while hot, a small quantity of finely powdered alum, and in a short time a scum will be seen rising to the surface, in appearance like dirty froth. Skim this off as it rises. This scum will rise for half an hour or more. These directions are plain and easily complied with, and one trial will be satisfactory. Persons, by following these directions, will save more than one half the usual labor of making candles, besides having better ones.—*Penn. Cultivator.*

Cut and pile wood before snow gets deep. It is poor policy to postpone this matter until the last of winter.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Seventh Lecture on Europe will be given in the Bleeker-street Church to-morrow evening. Subject, SWITZERLAND.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Croton, N. Y., the 1st Sunday in February, and evenings as follows: Somers, Feb. 1st; Yorktown, 2d; Peekskill, 3d; Sing Sing, 4th; New Castle, 5th; North Castle, near Dr. Mackay's, 6th.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-ais. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening: If Universalism is true, what is the use of preaching it?

MARRIAGES.

In the Orchard-street Church, Dec. 28th, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. Thaddeus B. Glover to Miss Lucy A. Sinclair.

By the same, Jan. 14th, Mr. Joseph H. Oliver to Miss Sarah E. Wilson.

By the same, same day, Mr. James S. Spellman, to Miss Anna Hutchinson.

In Bridgeport, Conn., by Rev. M. Ballou, Mr. Judson L. Garlick, to Miss Mary Buckingham.

Also, by the same, Mr. Henry Hubbell to Miss Harriet Booth.

At Stittsville, on the 17th ult., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Wm. W. Kingsbury to Miss Lucina C. Miller, both of that village.

In Greene, November 26th, by the Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. Silas D. Shoaies, to Miss Hannah E. Hinckley, both of that town.

In Oxford, December 6th, by the same, Mr. Chauncey Adams to Miss Ruth Willcox, both of Smithville.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Henry Church, of Oxford, to Miss Patience Wilcox, of Smithville.

At the same place, Dec. 28th, by the same, Mr. William Polley, of Newark, Rock County, Wisconsin, to Miss Clarissa Christie of Greene.

DEATHS.

In this city, of consumption, on the 22d inst., Mrs. Ann Tracy, aged 26 years, wife of Mr. James J. Tracy.

In this city, on the 21st inst., of the same disease, Mrs. Delia Vandervoort, widow of the late Ald. David Vandervoort, aged 48.

In Cazenovia, Jan. 17th, Widow Hannah Burton, mother of Wm. Burton, Esq., of that place, formerly of Norwich, Vt., aged 85 years. She died, as she had lived for more than thirty of the last years of her life, a firm and unwavering believer in the final holiness and happiness of the whole human family. She requested, some years previous to her death, that the writer of this should preach her funeral sermon from Isa. li. 6, which request was complied with, and the funeral service attended by a numerous concourse of relatives, friends, and fellow citizens.

In Kirkville, Onondaga Co., on Monday morning, Jan. 15th, Mrs. Tabitha, wife of Robert Cunningham, Esq., aged 73 years and seven months, formerly of Barre, Mass. Barre Gazette, please insert.

In Newport, N. Y., Jan. 4th, at the residence of his son, Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, Samuel Whitcomb, Esq., aged 81 years and 3 months. Father W. was a native of Cohasset, Mass. He was esteemed by those who knew him best an honest man, and his sudden departure, though at an advanced age, is deeply lamented by his numerous family and sympathizing friends.

In Smithville, August 15th, Catharine, daughter of Alanson W. and Louisa Tillotson, in the 15th year of her age. Pure, amiable and intelligent, she was the pride of her parents, the dearly loved companion of her sister, highly esteemed by her numerous kindred, friends and neighbors. Funeral on the 17th. Sermon by J. T. Goodrich.

In Unadilla, Otsego county, Sept. 9th, Eveline A., daughter of Zechariah and Emeline Curtis, aged 11 months.

Sept. 12, Emeline, wife of Zechariah Curtis, in the 39th year of her age.

Sept. 16th, Frances Imogene, daughter of Zechariah Curtis, aged 6 years and 1 month.

Thus, in the space of a few days has our afflicted Br. Curtis been called to part with a dearly loved companion, and two lovely buds of promise.

The writer delivered a sermon at the funeral of Mrs. Curtis in the Baptist Church, near Rockdale, Sept. 13th, and the general sympathy which pervaded the hundreds who attended, and followed her to her last earthly resting place, showed the estimation in which she was held, and proved that her memory was enshrined in their hearts. J. T. G.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 62a6 06	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	11 87a12 50
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 30	" Prime, "	\$7 50a8 25
" Western, " 1 06a1 30		Lard, per lb.,	7 1-2a8
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	3 00	Cheese, "	7 1-4a7 3-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	64a75	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a22
" mixed, "	62a63	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	61a63	" Ohio Common,	11a12
Rye, "	65a67	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	36a43	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	\$14 50	" fine, " 1 20a1 35	
" Prime, " 14 25a\$14 50		Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	59a60	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a6 3-4
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22

New-York Cattle Market...Tuesday, Jan. 23.

At market 1,000 Beef Cattle, (500 Southern, remainder this State,) 30 Cows and Calves, and 2,200 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The market has been rather dull during the week, and though the number on sale was considerably below the week previous, we cannot alter the prices then current. The sales were mostly \$6 to \$8.50, as in quality. It is probable there was about 200 head left over.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sold at from \$23 50 to \$32a\$45. 20 left over.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—At \$1 75 to \$5 50a6 25, as in quality. Left over 300.